

# The SONG *of the* SOLDIER BOY

WORDS BY  
MAY ARKWRIGHT HUTTON  
MUSIC "JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE MOTHER" BY  
G. F. ROOT

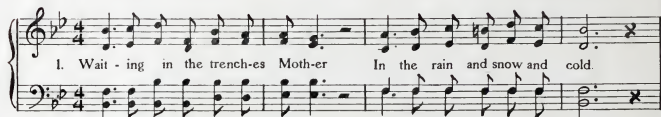


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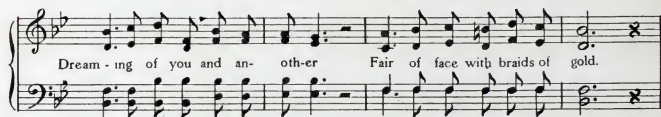
# THE SONG OF THE SOLDIER BOY

Words by  
MAY ARKWRIGHT HUTTON

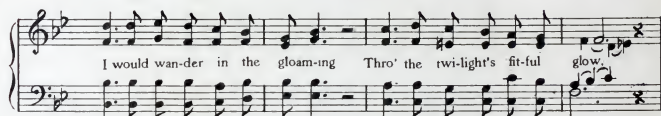
Music of  
"Just Before the Battle, Mother"  
By G. F. ROOT



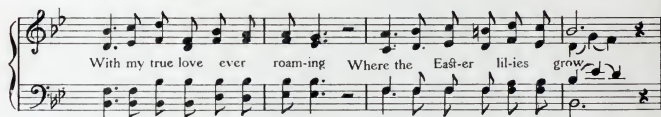
I. Wait - ing in the trench-es Moth-er In the rain and snow and cold.



Dream - ing of you and an- oth-er Fair of face with braids of gold.

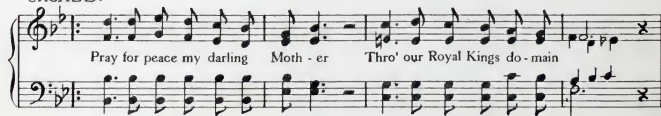


I would wan-der in the gloam-ing Thro' the twi-light's fit-ful glow.

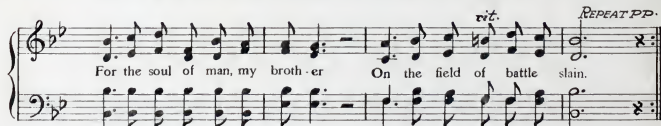


With my true love ever roam-ing Where the East-er lil-ies grow.

## CHORUS.



Pray for peace my darling Moth - er Thro' our Royal Kings do - main



For the soul of man, my broth - er On the field of battle slain.

2. I was brave on that day Moth-er When the call to arms was giv'n,

March-ing forth with friend and broth-er For our coun-try, home and heav'n.

Fierce and long the bat-tle rag-es Can-non roar with death knell chime,

Com-rades sleep and o'er life's pag-es Dark deeds gleam from womb of time.

CHORUS.

Pray for peace my darling Moth-er Thro' our Royal Kings do-main

For the soul of man, my broth-er On the field of battle slain.

*rit.*

*REPEAT PP.*

3. You who bore me child of sor-row Thro' tra-vail and child birth pain,

Know you that up-on the mor-row I may slay the shrap-nel rain?

When you gave un-to His keep-ing Kneel-ing by your old arm chair,

Was this bane of woe then creep-ing When I lisped my even-ing prayer?

CHORUS.

Pray for peace my darling Moth-er Thro our Royal Kings do-main

For the soul of man, my broth-er On the field of battle slain.

4. Tell my sweet-heart, dearest Moth-er Though it fills my heart with pain,

I would will she wed an - oth - er If in bat - tle I am slain.

May the con-flict and the carn - age Of this cru - el war soon cease

Free the lives now held in bond-age— Grant us Lord e - ter - nal peace.

CHORUS.

Pray for peace my darling Moth - er Thro' our Royal Kings do - man

For the soul of man, my broth - er On the field of battle slain.

*rit.*

*REPEAT PP.*

The inspiration to write this song was engendered  
by pity for the sorrow of the Mothers who have  
born sons for the slaughter.

*May Arkwright Hutton.*